UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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REV. S. M. CROTHERS, formerly of Brattleboro, Vt., having accepted a call from Unity Church, St. Paul, to become its pastor, spoke to his people for the first time in that capacity on Sunday, October 17th. We extend a welcoming hand to our new fellow-worker, who may, we confidently believe, look forward to much success for himself and the earnest men and women with whom he has joined his efforts.

MR. E. J. BISHOP will soon publish a 12mo *brochure* of twenty pages, in ornate style, containing an account of a trip through Rhode Island, entitled "The Narragansett Country". Mr. Bishop is the author of "The Life and Works of Josh Billings", now in the press of the W. H. Thompson Publishing Co., Philadelphia. We fail to learn what house will issue the new pamphlet, but it can doubtless be obtained by addressing Mr. Bishop at Saccarappa, Maine.

TOLSTOI'S singular expression of his political and religious faith has drawn out a great deal of hasty comment from men who are not able to appreciate the sincerity of his action. There is a side to his proceeding that is, of course, freakish, and not, perhaps, regardful of his own best opportunities for work. But apart from that, and even with the admission that he fails in his estimate of values or tone-colors in character, the sacrifice he has made must be given its just measure of applause. Men do not attempt such personal revolutions who are simply bent upon ends of a material value. Honor and martyrdom, the love of unpopular causes, the courage of conviction in deed as in thought, are not things so thick-thrust upon us as to be scorned or underprized; more than that, the beauty of absolute rectitude, even if the world knew nothing else, would lose nothing of its grandeur by being made common. Whatever may be the criticisms that attend Tolstoi, we do ourselves wrong to fail in this tribute.

H. L. T.

A NEW radical journal is announced to make its appearance in Chicago early in January. Mr. B. F. Underwood, who is now an editor of *The Index*, published in Boston, will have editorial charge of the new enterprise, assisted by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, as associate editor. Mr. Underwood is well-known as a lecturer on Evolution and kindred topics. The new journal will be devoted to the interests of the most liberal religious thought, "more especially the positive side of that thought, and bearing with marked emphasis on its scientific and ethical aspects". We understand that a strong financial basis is assured to the journal, and that contributions to its columns may be expected from leading liberal thinkers in Europe and America. We shall welcome Mr. Underwood and his work to Chicago heartily. Let us have all the sober and sincere minds possible seeking the simple truth in the field of Religion.

"IF, like our Unitarian ministers generally", says *The Critic*, of Dr. Bellows, "he did not wholly understand them [persons with whom he differed] it was partly", etc.—which, as put thus, is a touching portraiture more or less to the life. It is possible no man ever had a complete understanding of the mental or moral nature of another; I can imagine Mill, the fairest of men, bewildered by the mysteries of objective personality, perhaps as sadly as the most modest of lesser minds. Yet it may hold that for all purposes of moral truth and development we can perceive enough of the rival thought to uncover its lack of spontaneity and beauty. Unitarians are as open to errors or limitations of judgment as most others, but their average capacity to fathom the orthodox conventionalities is attested by the daily growth of orthodoxy towards the ideal of the broader church.

H. L. T.

A QUESTION OF NAME.

Congregational ministers have been discussing with some intensity the question of ministerial standing. Curiously enough this is essentially the same question that has been agitating us Congregationalists of the Unitarian persuasion for many months. How shall the world know what Congregational ministers are in "good and regular standing" in the body? It seems that there is quite a large proportion of Congregational churches that have only "acting pastors", that is to say, the men who serve them in that capacity have not been regularly installed through the counsel and the help of a council. These "acting pastors" are, in many cases, regularly ordained ministers, to whom no stain of heresy or of any other kind attaches, and so in general terms they are in good standing. But there has been this irregularity about the way they have taken hold of the churches where they are laboring; and this seems to the watchful and careful brethren to throw the gate wide open so that heretics may come in and quite devour the flock. If a man, by simply claiming to be a Congregationalist minister, can become acting pastor of any Congrega-

tional church that sees fit to ask him to preach for them and pay him for his services, how is the purity of Congregational belief to be preserved, and how shall the name Congregationalist minister be kept untarnished—be made to mean in the eyes of the world what it has always meant?

The anxiety of these careful ministers is exactly paralleled by that of our secretary of the Western Conference two years ago, when he became so anxious lest somebody should make the Unitarian name mean something very different from what it had always meant. Neither among Unitarian nor Trinitarian Congregationalists is the danger very imminent, and what danger there has been, or is, in either body is not to be avoided by public debates, nor resolutions in councils or conferences. Old names change and new names come to be applied to keep pace with natural growth, but these changes take place through usage and not through the direct effort of any body. Just as nobody knows who invented the word Christian, when it was applied to the disciples in derision first, at Antioch, so now it is generally impossible to trace the first application of a name to a new class or body of people. For instance, we might ask in vain who invented such a name as mugwump, or even republican, as applied to a political party or faction.

Names are useful and we may always trust the general public to know exactly what they mean. However difficult it would be to define the meaning of such a name it would be equally difficult to find a person who did not perfectly understand it. And, to return to the matter in hand, the moment any Congregational minister, in his preaching or his conduct, begins to say or do things improper for a Congregationalist minister, as such, to say and do, it immediately becomes a matter of public notoriety, and your milkman or your grocer, or even the bootblack at the street corner, will be able to tell you that Mr. So-and-So is a Congregationalist or a Unitarian, but that he is a "little different from the rest of them." And such minister, if, for example, he has been preaching heresy, will protest in vain that he is perfectly sound, and, whether to his advantage or disadvantage everybody understands just how much of a heretic he is. This is so true that really it is quite surprising that ministers of either of these churches should be at all anxious for fear that somebody may run away with their good name. A good name is about the hardest thing in the world to steal; in truth there is no way to get it but for each man to build it up for himself.

Still further, if our Congregationalist brethren fear that their denomination will lose power and influence as a denomination on account of having so large a number of "acting pastors" who are suspected of heresy, we would respectfully remind them that there are two sides to that question. The oldest idea of a church, to be sure, requires that its ministers should be all priests, exactly alike, speaking the same things, thinking the same things, and uniform even as to the clothing they should wear and the cut of their beards and hair. But where the spirit of Christ is, there is liberty for individual tastes, preferences and points of view. No denomination can long retain the services of the most intellectual and liberty loving men, except by allowing them great latitude of belief and expression. And though a denomination may retain, as the Roman Catholic church has retained, great power through long periods by enforcing uniformity at the expense of freedom, yet the greater influence in the world's history belongs to those who, allowing larger liberty, command the sympathies of broader men, and secure a following, not among the ignorant and poor, but among the best educated and most thoughtful people of our modern world. Assuredly the future belongs to those denominations who secure unity of effort, not through uniformity of thought and speech, but who, in spite of different tastes, preferences and even methods, work for the establishment of the kingdom of God through truth, righteousness and love.

U.

GARRISON.

III.

INVECTIVE AND PROPHECY.

Both the invective and the prophecy of Garrison are worth study. In a constant writer the style and the man are one. He seems to have had no humor and almost no poetry,—his verses illustrate the latter statement. Probably he had too much moral earnestness for either. Or, rather, his imagination exhausted itself on his one theme; and that being what it was, the imagination produced invective instead of humor and prophecy instead of poetry. Garrison used the invective most deliberately. It is part of his philosophy of reform, as much as the acceptance of eggs and brickbats is another part. In Philadelphia he told his comrades, "There is too much quietude in this city. Your cause will not prosper here—the philosophy of reform forbids you to expect it—until it excites popular tumult and brings down upon it a shower of brickbats and rotten eggs and is threatened with a coat of tar and feathers." The same spirit that said that led him, on the other hand, to complain of certain anti-slavery writings that they lacked "scriptural pungency"; and of Channing's argument to Clay, that "it separates the subject from personalities". As he put it in his pamphlet on Colonization, "My complaint is, that they content themselves with representing slavery as an evil, a misfortune, a calamity which has been entailed upon us by former generations,—*and not as an individual crime*, embracing in its folds robbery, cruelty, oppression and piracy. They do not identify the criminals; they make no direct, pungent, earnest appeal to the consciences of men-stealers". Once and again he defends his language at length, now by dwelling upon its need and now upon its efficacy: "In seizing the trump of God I had indeed to blow a 'jarring blast', but it was necessary to wake up a nation then slumbering in the lap of moral death. . . Do they [his critics] think or speak or write half as much against a bloody, polluted and soul-destroying system as against my 'hard language'?" "What has been so efficacious as this hard language? Now I am satisfied that its strength of denunciation bears no proportion to the enormous guilt of the slave-system. The English language is lamentably weak and deficient in regard to this matter. I wish its epithets were heavier—I wish it would not break so easily." "Greater success than I have had no man could reasonably desire or humbly expect. Greater success no man could obtain peradventure without endangering his reliance upon an almighty arm." And he could truly predict of his language—was it not truly?—"the denunciations which seem to many now so violent and unmerited, will be considered moderate, pertinent and just, when this murderous, soul-destroying system shall have been overthrown."

Was Garrison right or wrong in this invective? Two parts right to one part wrong, we think, the right being that language *was* weak to describe the enormities of crime involved, and necessarily involved, in slavery; the wrong being that in a great social crime built up by time, by inherited ideals, by public opinion, the individual is seldom alive to its enormities and never responsible as when sin is personally his own in conception and in consequences. None the less, though he is but accomplice in the common crime, it is his individual deed that is the outrage, his conscience that must waken, and whether it does or not his victim that needs rescue. Justice then for both; but the inch of justice for the strong imbruting ravisher,—miles of justice for the helpless and imbruted victim. Garrison forgot the inch, remembering the miles, but at a time when most men forgot the miles, remembering the inch.

But for ninety-nine men in the hundred the logic of a word-blow that is righteous is, in due time, a hand-blow that is righteous, too. Among such reasoners there were haters of slavery whose "peace" principles made the word-

blow foreseen to bring the hand-blow, for them, impossible. Garrison was the hundredth man. His position was the unlimited right of the first, the unlimited wrong of the last; "no truce and no compromise" in words that were half battles,—non-resistance absolute when it came to deeds. Apparently he accepted no responsibility for consequences. Being willing to bear any consequence himself in a good cause, he was willing to inflict any upon others in that cause. He did not have to face the problem, therefore, that confronted many consciences. A matter is much simpler for those who can say, "Duty is ours, the consequences God's", than for those who have to say, "Duty is ours, and God means consequences to be to us an element in deciding what duty is." Here, again, it seems to us that Garrison had the *major* right; that his word is true, "To do right is *always* to regard consequences",—to do it now has always cheaper consequences than to do it to-morrow. But let those who will, who can, condemn the one side or the other. Garrison has the multitude against him still, and in new applications of the principle it long will be against him. On the other hand, the only *small* part of this "Life", so far, is the uniform disparagement of Dr. Channing's anti-slavery work because he was also a strong critic of the Garrisonian abolitionists; it is so frequent that it suggests a spite in Garrison which has become traditional in his sons. If it were really there in the father, then well that it should be thus revealed; but it lessens his nobility. Grant Channing slow to see as compared with Garrison,—but he saw more, as well as less, than Garrison, and his advocacy must have made conversions where the other's made exasperations. And to a man of Channing's mind the unqualified Garrisonian denunciation was as impossible, as shocking to the sense of right and truth, as John Brown's method of the pike and rifle was shocking to Garrison's sense of right. In the far-off end it took the relentless invective of Garrison and his followers, the calm argument of Channing and such as he, the votes of the political abolitionists year after year, the pikes of Brown, the armed North—and armed not to free the slave but to preserve the nation's unity—facing the armed crime-crazed South,—it took all these to reach the word of Lincoln, "Let there be freedom!" and to make that word a fact.

This brings us to the Garrisonian *prophecy*. If one would understand Old Testament prophets, better than any scholar's commentary is a study of this prophet of our own day. Nearly all the elements of the Hebrew prevision are here —the profound moral faith; the sense of speaking in the name of the Lord; the fearless rebuke of the highest in the land and the most established idols of the tribe; the clear vision of lurid doom impending because God is just and the nation sinful; clear vision, too, of peace and happiness beyond the doom, after his right should have been vindicated and obeyed; and with all this an obscure, mistaken vision as to times and methods of accomplishing the mighty vindication. For instance, emancipation, when it came, came by ways that Garrison had probably not dreamt of in these early years, and ways totally opposed to all his principles. But coming any otherwise, could he in his body have gazed on the fulfillment of his prediction of 1835,—"Slavery will be overthrown before a majority of all the people shall have called voluntarily and on the score of principle for its abolition"? or seen fulfilled these words of 1831?—"The Liberator shall yet live to hail the day of universal emancipation." "The trampled slaves will all be free and enjoy the same rights in this country as other citizens. . . I listen to their voices as Judges, Representatives and Rulers of the people, the whole people." *How* Garrison expected such prophecies to be fulfilled does not fully appear by 1840. In that year he sketched a simple-hearted theory of peaceable emancipation, its two points being—(1) British-India cotton will make slave cotton unprofitable; (2) the moral sentiment of the world will make slave-holding too odious. But earlier than this, in 1837 or '38, he had written, "The political dismemberment of our Union is ultimately to follow." "I have relinquished the expectation that they will ever by mere moral suasion consent to emancipate their victims. I believe that nothing but the exterminating judgments of heaven can shatter the chain of the slave and destroy the power of his oppressor. The wildest animals may be tamed in the course of time; but tyrants, as all history shows, must be destroyed. I am clear, moreover, in the conviction that, though astonishing changes have taken place in favor of emancipation among the people of the nominally free states within the last five years, the fate of this nation is nevertheless sealed. Repentance, if it comes at all, will come too late. Our sins have gone up over our heads and our iniquities unto the clouds, and a just God means to dash us in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken."

This "Life" is interesting, farther, as a type of all reformations, all moral upheavals of society; type even of a movement on a scale of history so large as that we call "the origin of Christianity". A student of that problem would find here an admirable preparative. The element of leadership—his personal endowments, his education by circumstances, the moral chemistry by which his egotism and ambition are transmuted into devotion to a holy end; the element of the "age"; the leader's relation to the age, he at once its outcome and its shaper; the uprise of apostles; the first rejection and the gradual victory; the descent from the leader's ideals and the wide divergence from his methods before the movement becomes or can become popular; the new reforms that open from the original reform, or perhaps the greater reforms into which the original one opens; the unconscious "Scriptures" that the literature of the reform produces; the spirit both of prophecy and of the "Woe unto you, Pharisees!" that pervades these Scriptures: such elements as these—prime elements all in the philosophy of reformation—are warp and woof of the Garrison story.

To do what all may do—read the volumes of a noble "Life" through carefully and slowly, and then to read them through again and possibly again, and with collateral enrichments, until the image, permanently beautiful, becomes a very portion of oneself,—to do this is the next best thing to what but few can do,—know well the noble man alive. This "Life" offers another opportunity for such self-ennoblement. It is not a perfect biography, for it lacks background and environment, lacks vivid picture strokes, lacks justice to other points of view than just its own, and is emphatically a father's story "told by his children". But the book is an inspiration, a spiritual tonic, a stimulant to faith in the resistlessness of Right, and to courage in the service of the Right, whatever be the odds.

W. C. G.

Contributed Articles.

A TRIO OF TRIOLETS.

*Dedicated, without permission, to E. R. C. in the forests of Maine.**

I. CHORUS OF SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS (*Andante penseroso*):

So you take to the woods
When your book's coming out!
In the gayest of moods,
Sir, you take to the woods?
Ostrich-like one eludes
The entire rabble rout
So?—You *take to the woods*
When *your* book's coming out!

II. CHORUS OF INDOLENT REVIEWERS (*Staccato*):

You shall catch it for *this!*
Sure, your conduct is rash.

* "He who writes and runs away,
May live to write another day".—HUDIBRAS, *Modernized*.

Did you hope thus to miss
(Ha! you'll catch it for this!)
One envious hiss,
Or one stroke of the lash?
You shall *catch it for this!*
Sure, your conduct is rash.

III. Chorus of Gleeful Bards (*Allegretto*):

Turn about is fair play,
O, my gallant reviewer!
Every dog has his day,
Turn about is fair play:
That she e'er came *our* way
Your poor Muse soon shall rue her!
Turn about is fair play,
O, my gallant reviewer.

A. W. B.

WORK.

I have a letter from a friend which has in it much strength and lilt, so that it bears me up as on a wave, giving both strength and rejoicing. He causes me to reflect that there is no end of labor, and that, ceasing to-night for lack of strength, to-morrow it begins with renewed strength, and so on always. But still more I am led to reflect how horrible indeed if labor could be ended, and work come to a finish. For anything, no matter what, is uncanny if it grow ı ot, and if work ever were done, it would be as repelling as a little child who always should continue infantile. But this labor has another secret, that no matter how others praise us for it, or for the results of it, there is an inward deep dissatisfaction in ourselves until we are up and at it again to do better things. For every part of our work may be a good or an evil to us; a good if having done it we love it, but bad if then we rest in it and are satisfied. Nevertheless, this dissatisfaction is often a pain; then comes the opportunity for faithfulness, for work must often be done in the dark with just light enough to guide the hands, but not enough to see what they form, or judge it; or if there be light enough, we have to judge it ill, feeling within us a better yet to come out. "Ah, time", we may cry, Ah, time! who has time for this continual work and reworking, making and casting aside to make again, this continual struggle which will not let us rest, which will not give us content, though others be content with us, —who has time for this, whose life is so long? But that is no business of mine, it is mine but to follow, whether the road be short or long, for, "It is not incumbent on me to complete the task, but I must not therefore cease from it." But enough of me—take my friend's words.

"I am aweary. I have had such a long discouraging (more discouraging to my friends than to myself) time—striving to overcome my ignorance and get some facility and exactity (if there is such a word) of touch. But I never shall. I gain; but the universe doubles and triples every inch I acquire. And then my brains more often are in my way than at work clearing the way. Not that they are bulky or numerous; but floundering. After they have done their level best and nought achieved, why, then I settle back into a sort of stoic-despair, and drift into something pleasing. Then friends say with me, 'Excellent! don't touch it again'. But, alas! The gods have their own way, and many a pitiless touch is given. The old 'Excellent' is lost, and for a season sheer stupidity confronts all who gaze. The tide ebbs. 'Ah, well', in my heart I say, 'let it ebb! Still will I have faith though he slay me.' Then the empty pocket pinches, and the lordly wordlings cry for what is due them; my sleep is troubled or forsakes me altogether. Days pass, I am good for nothing. My soul is tried to the uttermost—for I can tell nobody and nobody can understand it. Do you ever think what a wall divides everybody from everybody, how no nearest friend you can have can penetrate the hidden recess into which you are sometimes driven, there to have your fate all in your own self? Alas, the loneliness of such an hour! And yet, what a blessing to all mankind else! Stay there the appointed time, and hold steady as if by the hand of the Lord, and in the moment you think not, you shall go cheerfully and confident and strong to the front for the new trial. And happiness insured, friends will come and confess, 'Well, this is better; the old "Excellent" is surpassed, Nature has been wiser than we.' And then, perchance, in an after moment of reflection, they will sagely add, 'But one must die. So don't be too prodigal of time, nor let ambition o'erleap itself.' What answer? Why, simply, With dying one has nothing to do. Win or lose, must he not stand at his post?"

James Vila Blake.

DESIRING AND DOING.

To desire the right and believe in it, is one thing. To discover the right and do it is quite another. Let the intellect, then, be busy as well as the heart. And let the will be strong as well as the emotions.

It has seldom been the function of religion in the past to develop the active individual intellect. This is one of the very important functions of religion now, as religion is beginning to be understood today. And with a will to follow an educated conscience, what shall keep men from progress? With a soul believing to its center in good, and in the possibilities of good,—a soul believing to its center in the supremacy of the moral ideal; and a conscience and will educated to know and follow that good,—educated to know and follow that moral ideal,—what shall keep any man, or the world, from blessedness?

James H. West.

HAVE WE AN AIM?

In the midst of our dreams, inactivity and merriment we are occasionally seized by the arm and pulled aside by some unwelcomed philosopher, very much like the ancient mariner in S. T. Coleridge's celebrated poem, detained the gallant youth on his way to the wedding feast and, even against his will, made him listen to the story of his life. The mass of men need to be arrested from their business and prudently asked, What is your aim in life? Recently while in New York city I wondered where the multitudes on Broadway were all going. To many the day is simply twenty-four hours—a season of eating and sleeping, a spasm of life and then the crisis of death. But to others each hour is crowded with sacred opportunities perhaps never to come again. I was struck with the remark of one who declared to his father while at dinner that his happiest moments were not those spent in eating or sleeping, but when alone at the sea-shore, or mingling with men, he could pursue the study of God, drift with the tide of thought or labor to elevate the condition of society. How many are touched by such motives—or feel pulsating through their very life such noble ambition, such pre-eminent aims. The home is the nursery of nations and the cradle in which rests the destiny of a civilization. Loosely manage the home, and we shall observe that individual life will be crowded with disappointments and regrets. I account for much of the indifference of young people to intellectual pursuits on the ground of bad home discipline. And if the parents are coarse, imprudent, pleasure instead of truth seekers, we cannot expect the children to rise above their ideals. The mother may ask, What is my aim? I say to give to the commonwealth your love and devotion, and, if you have a family, to make it one of purity and value. It was Count Abensberg, who in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their gold and silver, brought his thirty-two children as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. And if we wreath their lives with flowers and sunshine, and make them strong in moral integrity, we shall have accomplished the parents' noblest aim. "These

are my jewels", said the Roman mother, pointing to her worthy sons, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus.

Our young people need decision of aim. To dare to be pure and noble is the foundation requisite not only to manhood but also to the true, universal etiquette. Integrity of heart and purity of mind like the mosaic paintings cannot be "worn off" by time, but every rub, every trial makes it the more beautiful and distinct. A nobler charge we have not than that of elevating our lives and making them mean something for humanity and God.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

HOPE.

Free Translation from Schiller.

Of a better future day
Talking, dreaming, man goes forth,
For a happy golden aim
Running, seeking south and north,
East and west, the wide world round,
Old and young to Hope are bound.

Childhood introduced by Hope,
Youth her magic glow doth feel,
Buried not with age, ah no!
At the grave she still doth kneel
Praying, wishing evermore
For a safer, better shore.

Tis no foolish, vain deceit
Born of myth in mind or brain,
'Tis the soul itself that speaks:
"Man was never born in vain."
Forward thus through Life we grope,
Building ever on a Hope.

ROSA E. ROEDER.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS,

GATHERED AND READ BY JAMES VILA BLAKE, AT THE DEDICATION OF ALL SOULS CHURCH IN CHICAGO, OCTOBER 12, 1886.

Prepare thy work without and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house.—*Proverbs xxiv.* 27.

This wisdom is a house builded, and by understanding it is established. And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches.—*Proverbs xxiv.* 3, 4.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.—*Ps. cxxvii.* 1.

For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building.—1 *Cor. iii.* 9.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.—1 *Cor. iii.* 16, 17.

Are you not a superior thing? Have you not in yourself the presence of divinity? Why then do you not know whence you came and why will you not remember it? Have you not God with you, and do you seek then for any other?—*Epictetus.*

Who is the master over liberty and goodness? Who can take them away? If you choose to be modest and faithful, who shall not allow you to be so? If you choose not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desire what you know you ought not to desire? Who shall compel you to avoid what you do not think fit to avoid?—*Epictetus.*

What words are sufficient to praise the works of Providence and set them forth according to their worth? For if we had understanding, ought we to do anything else both jointedly and severally than to sing hymns and to bless God and to tell of his benefits? Ought we not when we are digging and plowing and eating to sing this hymn to God?—"Great is God who hath given us such implements with which we shall cultivate the earth. Great is God who hath given us hands, the power to eat, imperceptible growth and the power to breathe while we sleep." This is what we ought to sing on every occasion, and to sing the greatest and most divine hymns for giving us the faculty to comprehend these things and showing us the proper way. If I were a bird, or any lower creature, I would act the part of a bird or creature, but now I am a rational being and ought to praise God. This is my work. I will do it so long as I am allowed to live, and I exhort you to join in this same song.—*Epictetus.*

If we are to live unto God at any time or in any place,
We are to live unto him at all times and in all places;
If we are to use anything as the gift of God,
We are to use everything as his gift;
If we are to do anything by strict rules of reason and piety,
We are to do everything in the same manner:
Because reason and wisdom and piety are as much the best things at all times and in all places,
As they are the best things at any time or in any place.
—*William Law.*

Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body,
And followed knowledge and goodness in this life.
For if death be the journey to another place and there all the dead are,
What good can be greater than this?
Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth,
That no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.—*Socrates.*

Reverence that which is best in the universe, and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things, and in like manner reverence that which is best in thyself, and this is of the same kind as that.—*Aurelius.*

Examine thine own ruling faculty and that of the universe and that of thy neighbor. Thine own that thou mayest make it just; that of the universe that thou mayest remember of what thou art a part, and that of thy neighbor that thou mayest consider that his ruling faculty is akin to thine.—*Aurelius.*

Very near together are the hearts that have no guile.—*Confucius.*

How can we come to perceive the direct lead of God? By a careful looking at home and abiding within the gate of thine own soul. Therefore let a man be at home in his own heart and cease from his restless search after outward things. If he is thus at home while on earth he will surely come to see what there is to do at home, what God commands him inwardly. Then let him surrender himself, following along the path where God leads, whether it be to contemplation or action, usefulness or enjoyment: whether in sorrow or in joy, let him follow on.—*Tauler.*

No man safely goeth abroad who loveth not to rest at home; no man safely talketh but he who loveth to hold his peace; no man safely ruleth but he who loveth to be silent; no man safely commandeth but he who loveth to obey.—*à-Kempis.*

Love is a great thing, a good above all others, which alone maketh every heavy burden light and equalizes every inequality. For it bears the burden and makes it no burden: it makes every bitter thing to be sweet and of good taste. Love wills to be raised up, not to be held down by any mean thing. Love wills to be free and aloof from all worldly affection lest its inward power and vision be hindered, lest it be entangled by any worldly prosperity, and overcome by adversity.—*à-Kempis.*

Give thanks to the Supreme Goodness who dealeth with thee so graciously, visiteth thee so lovingly, stirreth thee up so fervently, rouseth thee so powerfully, lest thou sink down with thine own weight and earthly things. Strive to

make progress in virtue and in more humility, and prepare thyself for future conflicts.

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus within himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican: I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, and smote upon his breast saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified, rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them; but when his disciples saw it they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.—*Luke xviii.* 9–16.

THE LOVE UNIVERSAL.

Lost in the strife of creeds,
The tempest's hate,
How often virtue bleeds
For time and fate!

Within the prophet's mind,
The singer's dream,
We think to idly find
A poisoned stream.

Before the eye hath read
The message sent,
The lips have hotly sped
The dart misspent.

Why hath man thus to pay
To man his scorn?
Can he not trust the day
In beauty born?

Built in the neighbor's heart,
The lordly mien,
May not the virtues dart
In nerves unseen?

Not from soft words professed
On lips of seers
Hath human duty pressed
Its freight of years.

The smile that lights the face,
The star that shines,
May hint of rarer grace
Below the lines.

Speechless before distrust
All still are one
With all in days that must
Disclose the sun.

The streams that fill my soul
With hopes so sweet,
From caverns depthless roll
And world-wise meet.

Why should we suffer fear
When love descries
Strange paths that yet are near
To tranquil eyes?

Though light by sundered ways
Hath sought us out,
Shall we withhold our praise
Or whisper doubt?

Together let us meet
When night doth fall,—
No circle is complete
That holds not all!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

The Study Table.

The Round Year. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Those readers of good books, who have become somewhat familiar with the life and freshness of the out-of-door sketches of Edith M. Thomas, hitherto found in paper or magazine, will welcome their appearance in more permanent form, and read them again with the same pleasure as before. What an addition to our literature have been the contributions of the prose poets, who have reproduced in their essays the subtile influences of nature herself. Thoreau led the way truly, but how well he has been supplemented by later writers. Just as the word which the rustling forests bring to one listener varies by the world's width from the message it repeats to another, so does each one of these nature interpreters maintain his own individuality and fill his own place. How the names increase! John Burroughs, Miss Jewett, Maurice Thompson, Wilson Flagg, Olive Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey.

Miss Thomas writes with unfailing delicacy and insight, and this book will win for her many new friends. She includes in her nature essays, an occasional character sketch, which shows originality and reserve strength. We wish that the essay entitled "A Sensitive Plant" might be read and even learned by heart, not only by those unfortunate people who "have feelins" of their own, but by those whose friends are thus afflicted. E. E. M.

Roux's Thoughts. Translated by Isabel Frances Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, 12mo, $1.25.

The paragraphs which follow the long biographical sketch of their author in this volume are much more interesting than the paragraphs of youngerly Catholic writers are apt to be; and although it is plain from some of their contents that Roux is a Catholic of the Catholics, a Romanist of the Romanists, yet there are qualities in the productions which commend them to wide and careful reading. There are, it must be said, notwithstanding a prominent critic's opinion that the sayings as a whole are "as good as Emerson's," but few paragraphs in the book which are worth committing to memory: very few, indeed, are of that *class*, and those which are are too often but partial truths, as in the case of the saying, "Every exquisite thing hides itself." The author is fond of putting down the most inconsequential reflections and whims. These, as intimated above, are usually interesting, but they do not satisfy "the hungry soul". Brilliancy appears here and there, and, indeed, on no page is there the shadow of a dull expression; yet the volume, varied as it is, is discounted in the eyes of a lover of the *best* "thoughts" by the absence of that which he has a right to expect in a volume so named, *viz.*, vital truth expressed by a liver of it. E. R. C.

A White Heron and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We find in this attractive volume of short stories, all but two of which have been published separately in various periodicals, the same delightful descriptions of scenery and character that have made Miss Jewett's other stories so interesting and worthy of study. It would be hard to name another writer of stories who can be so wholly relied upon. In the story of "The Two Browns" Miss Jewett has made a success in a new direction. It is certainly as *clever* a story as any Mr. Stockton has written, nevertheless we hope the marsh and its quaint New England people will not be deserted for New York with its Browns and Checkleys.

L.

Uncle Seth's Will. By Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. $1.25.

This story is one of the author's best; a homely, graphic, religious, vivacious narrative of events which (may have) transpired in the state of New Jersey, within a very narrow circle, of which "Uncle Seth", an uncultivated but well-meaning and religious old man, is the most conspicuous link. In his character Mrs. Conklin gives us sight of a true-to-life figure, albeit through a *woman's* spectacles. Although intended especially for Presbyterian families, the book is adapted to a far wider reading, and will, we trust, receive it. E. R. C.

The Cruise of the Mystery, and other Poems. By Celia Thaxter, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Parchment, pp. 121, $1.00.

In this volume of well-printed verse we have many of Celia Thaxter's later poems. In sea-songs Mrs. Thaxter excels, of which this collection affords ample evidence. There are, however, other poems than those of the sea between these covers, and in some of them the author gives us her best. Mrs. Thaxter may not be a poet, but she writes very acceptable verses in certain directions.

E. R. C.

Mr. Desmond, U. S. A. By John Coulter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

If this novel contains a true picture of American army life it would be a wise precaution in parents to keep their sons from going to West Point and to see to it that their daughters do not become enamored of a set of brass buttons and epaulets. What a contrast is this picture of "Mr. Desmond" to that offered by Mrs. Custer in her delightful "Boots and Saddles". To those who have read only the former we would suggest that they lose no time in reading the latter book. L.

AMONG the books lately received by us are "Happy Moments"; a collection of music for school use, edited by S. W. Straub; "Ever New", consisting of part songs, choruses and quartets, by S. W. Straub and J. F. Weiskuhl, and a little manual entitled "The Singing Teacher's help", also by S. W. Straub. The music in these is of the most ordinary character, being chiefly composed by the editors, with a few old favorites interspersed. The theory is wholly undeserving the name. If the young learner is taught to trust to "pleasant impressions" made upon his ear, it should not be under the delusion that he is thereby learning the *theory* of music. The "Singing Teacher's Help" is slightly better in quality, and might be useful to some who attempt to teach without knowledge or experience. S.

THE "Child's Book of Health", by Albert F. Blaisdell, M.D., is a primer of physiology for use as a reading book in schools. Dr. Blaisdell's clear and interesting style, logical arrangement of topics, and the simple language and illustrations will greatly aid in imbuing children with the author's reverence for the wonderful structure of the body, the temple of the soul. S.

The Dome.

INVISIBLE ARMOR.

I have a story of a knight who was clad in invisible armor; helmet, breast-plate, greaves, even his very shield, were invisible. The knight himself could be seen plainly, looking as if clad in ordinary garments; nevertheless, he was encased from top to toe in a mail as strong as the stoutest steel, but which was no more to be seen than space. Like other armor it was heavy, stiff, hard, made in parts and fastened together, but quite invisible. Whenever the knight was attacked with a furious blow of the sword, battle-axe, lance, or whenever from some outlaw in covert a "gray goose shaft" was sent whizzing at him, the blow or the shaft would fall to within an inch of his head, breast, or arm, and then suddenly shiver to pieces or glance aside on the invisible armor. If the knight were challenged to the lists, he was seen to go through all the motions of donning his armor, putting on his helmet, closing the visor, setting the breast-plate and body, and fastening the greaves, much to the wonder of the beholders; for he seemed to be making gestures only, with nothing in his hands, working at the air. But the fiercest blows rebounded, and the hardest weapons splintered on the unseen mail. The armor was made by some gnomes, who lived in a mountain where they had forges, the fuel of which was the crumbs of charity bread, and the fires blown by the breaths of sleeping babes. The gnomes always were hovering over cradles, collecting the breaths for their fans at the forges, and always loitering around charitable doors picking up the crumbs dropped by pilgrims who there had received shelter and bread. At these forges the gnomes hardened and tempered the air, which they had discovered how to do. They gave the knight the invisible armor of air, because he had befriended a poor little gnome, who, while enchanted in the form of an ass, was tormented by a cruel peasant. The good knight rescued the poor creature from the burden on his back under which he staggered, and from the blows of his harsh master who drove him on; whereupon instantly the animal vanished, for the rescue dissolved the enchantment. The wicked necromancer whose magic had bound the gnome in the humble shape of the ass, thought he had made the enchantment everlasting by setting its limit at a rescue of the poor creature; for who, said he, will be so foolish as to turn from his path to help a belabored ass? Then the grateful gnomes presented the knight the invisible armor, saying to him: "It is like thy mercy, for it cannot be seen, but nothing can prevail against it."

Now, though this seem but a pretty fancy or a magical tale, I say, as of others I have said, that it is a true story. Even in very matter it is true and agrees with fact; for a man may clothe himself in an armor of vapor which cannot be seen, and yet which a creature attacking him cannot penetrate. Here let me recite a passage from Wood's "Insects at Home". Speaking of the Great Breeze Fly, he says: "The mouth is armed with most formidable lancets, and the insects can employ them with terrible effect. The tough skin of cattle is no defense against the lancets of the Breeze Fly, and the very hum of one of these insects is able to set a whole herd of cattle scampering off in every direction. . . . They seemed to detect me at a wonderful distance, and with a loud fierce hum, as though sounding the charge, they would dart at me and in a moment bury their lancets in the skin. . . . They did not wait to settle, as reasonable flies might be expected to do, but drove straight at me with extended beaks, and buried their lancet-armed beak so deeply that each prick felt as if a stout needle had been run sharply into me. On returning to my lodging after a few hours in the forest I have had the whole space behind my ears filled with clotted blood, my neck filled also with blood, my collar glued to my neck, and long tracks of blood running down my body and arms." At last the writer says he bethought him of rubbing all the bared parts of the head, neck, arms and hands with liquid paraffin. "Thus armed", he says, "I went into the forest and hearing in the distance the well known trumpet charge of the Breeze Fly, determined to await its onset without flinching. The creature drove fiercely at my face until it was within a foot or eighteen inches from me, when it came within the vapor of the paraffin and darted off like an arrow. Two or three times it tried the assault, and as often had to check itself, until at last it flew off in disgust and did not return. After this glorious repulse of the enemy I never troubled myself about the flies, but used to amuse myself by hearing them in the distance, and then seeing them dart away utterly discomfited with the novel odor." Thus this naturalist truly put on an invisible mail, which indeed was as flexible and light as if he had nothing about him, and yet which covered him a foot thick with an armor from which his enemy glanced off, as it would have done from water or ice or invisible crystal. So air was, in exact fact, the invisible armor of a knight—a knight-errant of science.

But now in figure, in thought, in spirit, and so in a higher way, the story of the knight's armor is true. For truthfulness is such an armor; and when a man puts it on, all kinds of weapons, how hard soever, come but near him and glance away without hurting him, or drop to the ground shivered. When a man has spoken and done truthfully always, nothing in the past can hurt him in the present, because all things that he has said and done agree together; and if he speak truthfully now, nothing can become harmful in the future, because whatever comes must agree with his word at this present moment. So that this truthfulness, though quite invisible, covers a man with links of mail which nothing can cleave. Other qualities, like great patience, and purity of mind, make stout armor; and if a man honestly purpose and strive to do the right act all the time, this is a mail which will break all blows before they reach him. In sooth, the Knight's invisible armor is a very true story. J. V. B

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The union teachers' meeting was held as usual at 175 Dearborn street, Mr. Blake being leader. The lesson included three chapters, the eighth, ninth and tenth of the book of Isaiah. A discussion arose as to the interpretation of the sixth verse of the ninth chapter, "To us a child is born", etc. Mr. Blake thought it messianic—referring to the deliverer that the Jews, especially in later times, looked for. Mr. Utter urged that the passage was written in the time of Hezekiah's greatest prosperity and promise, and referred primarily to him; and only the piety of later times saw in it the general promise of the Messiah's coming. Here, he thought, was the very beginning of the idea of a personal deliverer, that in later prophecies becomes somewhat more prominent. The chapters were read and commented upon in an interesting manner, and the meeting adjourned for a week, when Mr. Utter, in Mr. Jones' absence, will lead. The announcement was made, in closing, that one more lesson will close the study of Hezekiah's period, and after that the lessons will begin with the work of the second Isaiah, at the fortieth chapter.

Cincinnati.—Rev. George A. Thayer announces a course of eight sermons on the beginnings of religious belief, to be delivered during October, November and December, on Sunday mornings, at the Unitarian church, Plum and Eighth streets. The titles announced are as follows:

The Creation of the Worlds.
The Origin of Man.
Temptation and Sin.
Language and the Dispersion of Mankind.
The Commandments.
The Unity of God.
Sabbath and the Sacred Number Seven.
Angels and Demons.

St. Joseph, Mo.—We hasten to send congratulations to the Unitarian church at St. Joseph, Mo. A friend writes, "Unity church in St. Joseph was opened last Sunday, October 17, being well filled in the morning by a fine, intelligent and happy audience. The sermon for the occasion, by Rev. Judson Fisher, of Alton, was on 'What we stand for as Unitarians, and why we thank God and take courage'. In the evening Rev. Robert Laird Collier came up from Kansas City and preached ably and well from the text, 'God is a spirit', to an overflowing house, and was followed by addresses from J. S. Crosby, Esq., and Rev. J. B. Frost. It was a day of great joy to the band of workers here, who after a long struggle have now so comfortable and beautiful a church home. The church is itself a gem of simplicity and beauty, well arranged and convenient throughout. It seats upwards of two hundred and fifty, its seats being elegant opera chairs of latest pattern. It has a parlor at one end, and a magnificent basement room, with every needed convenience for Sunday-school and social purposes." May large success crown the efforts of the faithful friends of Unity Church, St. Joseph!

Boston Notes.—Prof. J. H. Allen gave to the Monday Club of Unitarian ministers an essay on the progression of human thought as seen in pure Christianity through its successive centuries. No scholar is more competent than he to cope with such a great subject. He tried to discover the trend of research after eternal truth both in and out of theological roads and ruts. He closed by asserting the perpetuity of free religious methods and the value of present and future practical results in human development which seem to lie all along the line of mental and spiritual advancement. Bro. Gannett took part in the conversation which followed the essay.

—Prof. Allen has been invited to give a series of twelve normal-class lessons to our Sunday-school teachers and other persons interested, to take place on successive Monday afternoons at the Unitarian Building.

—At Worcester, Secretary Henry G. Spaulding and other friends of the Sunday-school society told of its rapidly growing value and complimented the Western Sunday-school Society on the strength and manliness of its work, on its issue of sterling leaflet sermons, and its courses of valuable Bible lessons.

A Missionary Tour.—Secretary Effinger left Chicago October 29, for an absence of eighteen days, visiting various points in Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Illinois. His engagements are as follows: Luverne, Minnesota, October 31; Rock Rapids, Iowa, November 3; Sioux Falls, Dakota, November 5; Sioux City, Iowa, November 7; Des Moines, Iowa, November 9-11; Mattoon, Illinois, November 13, 14.

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